

Footprints in the Sand

Selected by Theresa Roseland, Ben's mom

One night a man had a dream.

He dreamed he was walking along the beach with the Lord.

Across the sky flashed scenes from his life.

For each scene, he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand:
one belonging to him, and the other to the Lord.

When the last scene of his life shot before him, he looked back at
the footprints in the sand.

He noticed that many times along the path of his life there was
only one set of footprints.

He also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest
times in his life.

This really bothered him and he questioned the Lord about it.

"Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you'd walk
with me all the way.

But I have noticed the during the most troublesome times of my
life there is only one set of footprints.

I don't understand why when I needed you most, you would
leave me."

The Lord replied, " My precious, precious child, I love you and I
would never leave you.

During your times of trial and suffering, when you see only one
set of footprints in the sand it was then that I carried you."



Thank You

Ben's family and friends extend a very heartfelt "thank you" to all those individuals, businesses and organizations supporting the search for Ben.

The long list of supporters may be found at www.BenRoseland.com.



Prayer Service

FOR

Benjamin Melvin Roseland



EIGHTH, FEBRUARY, 2009

AT FOUR THIRTY IN THE AFTERNOON

EAGLE CLUB, CLINTON, IOWA

The Service

Welcome	Ann Capion
Moment of Silence for the Missing	All
Opening Prayer	Pastor Debby Manion
“Remembering You”	Amy Sue Ehredt
Reading from Psalm 18	Pastor Debby Manion
“Footprints in the Sand”	Tamara Batista
Announcements	Ann Capion
Closing Prayer / The Lord’s Prayer	Pastor Debby Manion & All



Psalm 18

Verses 4, 6, 16, 19, 30-33 & 46-49

The cords of death entangle me; the torrents of destruction over- whelmed me.	for all who take refuge in Him. For who is God besides the Lord? And who is the Rock except our God?
In my distress I called to the Lord; I cried to my God for help.	It is God who arms me with strength and makes my way perfect.
From his temple He heard my voice; my cry came before Him, into His ears.	He makes my feet like the feet of a deer; He enables me to stand on the heights. The Lord lives! Praise be to my Rock! Exalted be God my Savior!
He reached down from on high and took hold of me; He drew me out of deep waters.	He is the God who avenges me, who subdues the nations under me, who saves me from my enemies.
He brought me out into a spacious place; He rescued me because He delighted in me.	You exalted me above my foes; from violent men you rescued me.
As for God, His way is perfect; the word of the Lord is flawless. He is a shield	Therefore I will praise you among the nations, O Lord; I will sing praises to your name.

Remembering You

An original poem by Amy Sue Ehredt, Ben’s cousin

I remember the good old days,
Some are vibrant, some a haze.
I remember a party to come,
To celebrate your birthday...
You were so young.

I can’t recall the gifts,
I don’t remember the cake.
I’m unsure of everything,
Except the happiness
In your eyes and face.

I was older than you then,
And I’m older even now.
Just wanted to tell you I love you.
(Sometimes I don’t know how.)

You sprouted up like a weed.
I was soon looking up to say “Hi”.
But even when you went missing,
We all just could not say “good-bye”.

From child to man you evolved.
Becoming something much more,
More than words could say.
We need you now more than ever before.

We all hope you know how much we love and miss you Ben.
We will search for you for however long it takes.
Because we know we will find you.
God bless you, Ben, and may He guide you home.
